

Cade Yea, but I say, tis true.

All. Why then tis true.

Cade. And one of them was stoln away by a beggarwoman,
And was my father, and I am his sonne,
Deny it and you can.

Nicke. Nay looke you, I know twas true,
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,
And the bricke is aliue at this day to testifie.

Cade. But dost thou heare Stafford, tel the King, that for his
fathers sake, in whose time boies plaid at spanne-counter with
French crownes, I am content that he shall be King as long as
he liues: may alwaies prouided, Ile be Protector ouer him.

Staff. O monstrous simplicitie!

Cade. And tell him, weele haue the Lord Sayes head, & the
duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the dukedomes of Anioy
and Mayne, and selling the towns in France, by which meanes
England hath bin maid euer since, and gone as it were with a
crouch, but that the puissance held it vp. And besides, they can
speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

Staff. As how I prethee?

Cade. Why the French men are our enemies, be they not?
And then can he that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be
a good subiect?

Answer me to that.

Staff. Well sirra, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings
mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and re-
bellious deedes?

Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile
pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his crowne tel him, ere it be
long.

Staff. Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings townes,
That those that wil forsake the Rebel Cade,
Shall haue free pardon from his maiestie.

exit Stafford and his men.

Cade. Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

exennt omnes.

*Alarums to battaile, and sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is
slaine.*

slaine. Then lacke Cade again

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast
liantly, and knockt them downe as i
slaughter house, and thus I will reward
as long again as it was: thou shalt haue
score and one a weeke: drum strike vp
to London, for to morrow I meane to
Westminster.

*Enter the King reading of a Letter,
the Duke of Suffolkes head, and
with others.*

King. Sir Humphrey Stafford and
And the rebels march amaine to Lon
Go backe to them, and tell them thus
Ile come and parly with their general

Reade. Yet stay, ile reade the lette
Lord Say, lacke Cade hath solemnly

Say. Yea, but I hope your highnes

King. How now Madam, still lam
Suffolks death, I feare my loue, if I ha
not haue mournd so much for me.

Queene. No my loue, I should no

Enter a messen.

Messen. Oh flie my Lord, the reb
Southwarke, and haue almost wonne
Calling your grace an vsurper,
And that monstrous rebel Cade, hat
To crowne himselfe King in Westm
Therefore flie my Lord, and poste t

King. Go bid Buckingham and C
An Army vp, and meete with the re
Come Madam let vs haste to Killin
Come on Lord Say, go thou along w
For feare the rebell Cade do find th

Say. My innocence my Lord tha
And therefore with your highnes lea

King. Euen as thou wilt my Lord